THE
Man of Honour.

Justum & Tenacem Propositi Virum
Non vultus instantis Tyranni
Mente quatit solida.

——si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. HOR.

Facitque servatque beatos.

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THE

Man of Honour.

IF Fell Corruption in each Scene appears,
Cherish'd by Youth, caress'd by Men in Years,
From the low Cottage to the House of P——
At C—— extinct all Sense of Honesty,
Priests as unhallowed as the Laity:
If *British* Honour, by the Knave and Fool
Exploded, sinks a Term of Ridicule:
Pardon this daring Essay of the Muse,
She must speak out, Poetick Licence use,
A Libertine by Truth alone restrain'd,
Paint the High Mighty Wicked of our Land;
Draw Fraud's just Pourtrait at full Length to Man,
In the best Colours, clearest Light she can.
Avaunt, enervating, base Flattery,
All Compliment, the Varnish of a Lie!
When Truth is told, whose is the greatest Ear?
In *Britain*'s Cause who launches out with Fear?
Th' advent'rous Muse no Prejudice would know,
Nor wound the Guiltless, nor offend the Law.
Long be the Law our Bulwark and Defence,
Dispens'd by Men of Honour, Men of Sense;
The Seat of Justice long be sacred held,
A Scourge to Vice, to Virtue a strong Shield.

Should Vice impeach, Virtue has nought to fear,
Where Justice runs in purest Channels clear.

Tho' Merit does some few to P—— advance,
Merit! How rarely an Inheritance?
Their Sons how often such a spurious Race,
The Medley of a various lewd Embrace.
Shall Foes to Honour Honour's Titles bear,
Quite chang'd from what the first Ennobled were?
Shall the Brib'd B—— and the Pension'd D——,
Debase their Species, and without Rebuke?
Tools to a Premier, Spaniels to a Throne,
Serve ev'ry Country's Purpose but their own?
Shall B——s, Slaves to *Mammon*, Temporize?
The Golden Calf set up, and Idolize?
On all Occasions, at a Subject's Nod,
Betray their Country, and deny their GOD?
Canvass, debate, and vote it by Command?
Of Rev'rend Pensioners a Pious Band!
Are Frauds discuss'd? They put their Negative,
From Fraud they have their Being, move and live:
True Children of this World, wise Ways they take,
Above all Morals, for Religion's Sake.
Are these known Truths from any *Briton* hid,
And shall the Muse be silent? —— Heav'n forbid!

In Law this Maxim has prevail'd full long,
That Kings are sacred, and can do no Wrong;
Sacred as Heav'ns immediate Substitute,
Hence 'tis inferr'd they should be Absolute.
From Majesty then all good Measures flow,
Pure uncorrupted Spring —— it must be so.
This seems, you'll say, to Bigotry inclin'd,
Infallibility to Man assign'd!
Whenever Royal Power is abus'd,
(Kings unimpeach'd) their Council are accus'd.

In

In publick, Kings this Sanction must retain,
In private, howe'er fallible as Men.
Thrice happy *Britons!* every Bard may sing,
Ours is a * *Gracious* and *Religious King!*
Unrivall'd He in ev'ry Bosom reigns,
His Martial Fire for *Britain's* Peace restrains! †
This the Effect of Prudence, not of Fear,
How unlike him his M——s appear?
They truckle to, and fawn on ev'ry State,
Court the Dependent, bribe the Obstinate,
Misplace Resentment, foolishly forgive,
Adventures, monstrous in Romance, atchieve;
Faithless Allies they make, invet'rate Foes,
In Negotiation every Point they lose;
Seek poor Expedients to divert a Storm,
And promise what they can't, nor should perform:
Slight real Ills, imaginary, fear,
Dreading the distant, blind to Dangers near;
Ideal Phantoms form, themselves to scare.
Thus Boys and Women bug-bear'd, all in Fright,
Mistake each Shrub a *Dæmon* in the Night.
And half-bred Politicians, to a Man,
In Treaties maz'd, half Masters of a Plan,
Approving those they never understood,
Half wise, half mad, half any Thing but good.

One Genius for one Province may be fit,
And full enough for any modern Wit:
In the Finances he that shews his Art,
May act as *Premier* a most wicked Part;
Shrew'd in Debates, vers'd in Affairs at Home,
Yet knows not *French Finesse*, Cabals at *Rome*.
To guess when 'tis proclaim'd, it may be Peace,
And whilst it lasts, Hostilities may cease;

Must

* See the Liturgy of the Church of *England*.
† See the Address of Lords and Commons.

Must we be deem'd all *Machiavels* for this?
Granting us wise in other Instances.
Can our Memorials have their proper Weight,
Long as *N*——— guides the Pen of State,
And Fopling *E*——— does Negotiate?
We shew, 'tis fear'd, our Nakedness too much,
In sending *H*——*ce* to o'er-reach the *Dutch*.
Whence sprung our early Confidence in *Keen*?
His Father is ——— an ALDERMAN of *Lynn*.
What can we hope from Ministers like these?
Such God or *Baal* never meant to raise:
Yet *W*——— and *S*——, to Excess,
These Peace-Jobbers support by their Address.
Their Reasons it must shock all Sense to know,
Confusion! Men of Spirit stoop so low.

THUS, or from some Mistake, or from Design,
Britain, to be betray'd, the Lot is thine.
What Geniuses have in thy Land been born,
The Hero's Contrast, and the Patriot's Scorn?
This flagrant most unhappy Truth we took
From *Wharton*, *Harcourt*, and a *Bollingbroke*.
Either had Heads to save this sinking State,
And make their forlorn Country fortunate.
The former Two are to their Father's gone,
And matchless *Bollingbroke* survives alone.
Oh! *Bollingbroke!* How excellent thy Parts?
How well refin'd by the politer Arts?
To you the Interests of all States are known,
Their Arts, their Genius, Taste, are all your own:
The subtle Chain that binds each Nation fast,
And how secure Alliances may last:
The Statesman's Windings, and the secret Springs
Of Councils in the Cabinets of Kings,
You've throughly gain'd: What *Machiavel* has wrote
You have digested, and what *Richlieu* thought.

See

See him relax'd in Wine his Thought unbend,
And with his Wit regale the curious Friend;
With Wit such as in *Pope* and *Swift* you find
Familiariz'd proud *Berkeley*'s lofty Mind.
His *Dissertation upon Parties* shews,
Beyond a Doubt, how much this *St. John* knows.
But Heav'n to Man a perfect Soul denies,
And tinges with some Errors the most Wise.
What Blessings happy *Britons* must have known,
Had he been firm, had he true Honours shewn?
We had not been the Dupes of *France* and *Spain*,
Cajol'd in Treaties, bullied on the Main:
Britons would then have kept them all in Aw,
Baffled their Schemes, and given *Europe* Law:
Intestine Factions would have all confess'd,
That *Britons* in a *Bollingbroke* were bless'd.
Must such a Genius to *Great Britain*'s Cost,
Ly useless, unemploy'd, entirely lost?
It must, (since Fate has so ordain'd) it must,
For one so loose in Honour who can trust?
Whoe'er wants Courage to be just and brave,
Tho' otherwise an Angel, is a Slave.

How gloriously the Minister appears!
Faction be dumb! Read, read the *Gazetteers!*
What an immoderate Contempt for Vice!
For ev'ry Virtue what strange Avarice!
Ancient and Modern Histories they rake,
From Art and Nature best Materials take,
Cull each Perfection of each Character,
Thus Consummate must be the M——r.
Thus in Idea form him well they can,
A lovely Picture! Who e'er saw the Man;
This most excelling Vizier, I advise
To be just what these Scribblers say he is,
The surest Way to silence Enemies.

Statesman,

Statesman, with Leave, I would lay down this Rule,
He that commences Knave, commences Fool.
Whoever deals in low Hypocrisies,
Whate'er his Knowledge is, he can't be wise.
I'd have a *Premier* satisfy'd, if clear,
He saves a good Ten Thousand Pounds a Year;
Nor Envy, nor Detraction, nor Cabal
Could reach him, or in *Norfolk*, or *White hall*.
If former Fav'rites had no more engross'd,
We should have fewer Rivals for the Post.
But what will satisfy a Statesman's Pride?
Pow'r, Profits, Honour ——— All we have beside.
Profits and Posts be theirs, who have just Claim,
Who have at Heart their Country, theirs be Fame.
The Statesman's Duty soon is understood,
It all consists in this ——— Be wise and good.

View C———deep in compermising Schemes,
Ambition, Av'rice, have ten thousand Whims.
No Crimes like these in Hell's black Catalogue,
Contribute half so much to make a Rogue:
Mere Appetites Canine, the more they're fed,
The more they ask, the less they're nourished.
And what would all this wild Ambition crave?
To be, oh Prostitution! Premier Slave.
Ambition when by Virtue we restrain,
The noblest Root Heav'n can Implant in Man;
If not, the Whole it overspreads and spoils,
The rankest Weed that thrives in richest Soils:
Then Avarice the utmost Meanness shews,
Ev'n Knaves and Fools spit at the Covetous.
With C——— *W*———plays fast and loose,
By Fits their Country, or the Court espouse;
Both whilom for Prerogative how keen?
Now chang'd, for Privilege are Champions seen!

As

As Hopes of dear Preferment ebb or flow,
They're calm, they storm, their Fever's high or low.
Whence can this Whim Unsteadiness proceed?
Honour unchangeable by Heav'n decreed,
Is still the same, howe'er Affairs of State
May shift, or this or that Way fluctuate.

Our State Empiricks we should all abjure,
Who give deep Wounds, but can't the slightest cure;
Perfect Buffoons, in shallow Cunning snug,
Wise in unmeaning Nod, unconscious Shrug:
To Credit lost, their Truth is all a Lye,
Detected, blush not, scorn Apology:
Poor, aukward Mimicks of the *French* Caprice,
Quite Bunglers in politick Artifice.
From foreign Realms we copy all that's bad,
And part with those few Virtues that we had.
All Frauds the North, South, East, and West produce,
In our kind Climate ripen into Use.
I——appears a Men of tip-top Worth,
I——th' Election-Jobber of the North:
A——on Rev'rend Sine-cures severe,
Has in Lay-Posts Twelve Thousand Pounds a Year.
Such are our fav'rite Confidents of Kings!
From what hid Causes Royal Bounty springs?
Such to Kings Favours must have vast Pretence,
Their Merit Treason by Inheritance.
These are profess'd Corruption's *Halcyon* Days,
When thus supported in all Shapes and Ways,
We shall in Speculation quickly see
The charming Beauties of fair Liberty.
Fair Liberty enriches every Soil,
Makes Barrenness rejoice, and *Highlands* smile!
Fair Liberty shews all Mankind serene,
The Landlord happy, and the Peasant clean;

The Merchant cheerful, and the Soldier brave,
And Man a free-born Subject, not a Slave.

Ye Baskers in the Bosoms of our Kings,
Whose Faith, whose Honour, are most slipp'ry Things,
Correct yourselves, from Precedent be wise,
View *York* and *Talbot* with astonish'd Eyes,
Both in high Post, both in high Character,
Each shines refulgent in his proper Sphere;
Unenvy'd in the Exercise of Pow'r,
We all agree, who ne'er agreed before.
A finish'd Conduct theirs, the strongest Sense,
Genteel Address, and poignant Eloquence;
Justice, the Soul of Law and Equity,
Flows bright in ev'ry Sentence and Decree:
Their Judgments clear and calm the ruffled Mind,
They see with Reason, are with Justice blind.
To them the least Indignity's too much,
Hard Words are Darts, Frowns too severe Reproach.
Who serve with Honour, should be us'd with Grace,
Kings to such Subjects wear a chearful Face.
If otherwise, we see a Court with Grief,
And Men of Honour seek a private Life.
There in such Case Content can only dwell,
A brilliant Court's more loathsom than a Cell.

BRITONS, reflect in Time, retrieve your State,
Fraud and her Pensioners we must defeat:
Let generous Passions ev'ry Bosom fill,
We've Men of Honour warm for *Britain* still.
See Fraud aghast when *Chesterfield* debates,
Each Word into her Vitals penetrates;
With proper Satyre he the Fiend pursues,
Unravels all her Schemes, howe'er reclose.
In *Stair* and *Cobham* all Mankind allow
The *British* Hero, and firm Patriot glow:

To

To *Stair's* Addreſs, high Spirit, and juſt Senſe,
His active Care, his good Intelligence;
To theſe conſpicuous Qualities in him
Some Monarchs owe this Day their Diadem.
Great is his Merit, What is his Reward?
He is, O lovely Gratitude! caſhier'd.
Boyle, a young Lord, diſcover'd early Worth,
With nobleſt Pace, a perfect Man ſtept forth:
Orrery's Principles in him we ſee,
His Soul, his Genius, *Boyle*, ſurvive in thee.
Have *Gow'r* or *Litchfield* ever once withdrawn;
Or ſhunn'd Debate, to compliment the Crown?
When Infant Force the knotted Oak ſhall bend,
Lew'ſon ſhall not be known his Country's Friend;
Then *Craven* ſhall, and *Butler* then divide
For any Queſtion on Corruption's Side.

The Man of Honour, reſolutely juſt,
Nor acts nor moves, but conſcious of his Truſt,
So full of Truth, has ſuch Contempt for Guile,
Each Frown intends a Frown, each Smile a Smile;
His Judgment with a due Reflexion fraught,
Has his Ideas to Perfection brought:
Correct in Cenſure, cautious in his Praiſe,
Maturely thinks, and what he thinks he ſays;
Warm without Madneſs, zealous in the Right,
Free, not licentious, keeps each Senſe full bright:
Serene in Calms, by Storms unſhaken ſtill,
Fond of good Offices, averſe to ill:
Ingenuous, univerſal Good intends,
And has in all his Thoughts the nobleſt Ends:
Above Temptation; jealous of the loud,
And flies the wild Applauſes of the Crowd:
A Patriot Act would in a Foe commend,
And would condemn Corruption in a Friend:

No

No Bigot, from all Party-Prejudice free,
To Knaves in Rags or Lace, an Enemy.
Loves *Britain's* Welfare, and observes her Laws,
The Courtier's Torment, Envy, and Applause.
Shine out, ye Men of Quality, learn hence
To shape your Conduct, and improve your Sense.
Observe, ye Mitred P———, and blush to see
In one bright Youth such wise Simplicity;
His Soul's inspir'd by Virtue, all his Ways
Are Ways of Pleasantness; his Paths are Peace,
No Fiction this, ye Minions, I aver,
But an existing, real Character:
The Muse had the Original in View,
Forgive, Lord *NOEL*, when she says, 'Tis You.

FINIS.